A Reuelation of the true *Minerua*.

The effect of this booke.

Who on earth be gods: and by what meanes mortall men may bee made immortall.

Psal. Lxxxii.

God standeth in the congregation of the gods: hee is Iudge amongst the gods.

1582.

To the very vertuous and my ſingular good Lady, the Lady Leighton,

one of the Ladies of the Queenes Maieſties moſt honorable priuie Chamber: the Pilgrime wiſheth a long and happie life, with ſuch increaſe of honour, as her Ladiſhips godly indeuours doe deſerue.

HOw farre little Englande (my verie good Ladie) doeth in perfecte felicitie ſurpaſſe all the large kingdomes of the worlde, that trauell and ſmall experience which I haue had, hath ſufficiently taught mee: and in truth (were it not that the generall plentie of paſſing much happineſſe, doth make a great multitude of people to forget in many reſpectes their dueties,) I would without doubting ſtedfaſtly beleeue that the Sunne it ſelfe neither doth, nor euer hath ſhined vppon any place, whoſe proſperitie might compare with this Ilandes: brought in deede to that worthie paſſe by the great good gouernmēt & ſinguler induſtry of the Queenes Maieſties moſt excellent wiſdome. The due conſideration wherof, did moue mee continually to force my ſelfe in the praiſe of ſo great a perſonage, and finding my weakeneſſe equall with mine vnworthines, I was ſtill reſtrained from that attēpt, and had indeede neuer attempted but that neceſſitie

conſtraineth the ignoraunt to ſpeake when the learned be ſilent, & the truth may with great commendation be vttered out of the mouth of a childe. At my laſt return out of the maine Ocean, being entred into that brod & boyſtrous bay of Portingale, there (I may truely ſay) amongeſt the moſte mightie and greateſt ouergrowne Seas in the worlde, the ſtrength of my deſire ſo preuailed, as it forced me (euen there) ſolemnely to vow, preſently after mine arriuall I woulde indeuour to ſtraine my breath to the vttermoſt, ſo to ſounde foorth her excellent praiſe, who of a barbarous Ile hath made a moſt floriſhing common wealth. And beeing arriued in that pleaſant *Tempe*, immediatly ſolitarie contemplation ſo acquainted mee with the heauenly diuine powers, that not by imagination, but with preſent familiare conference, I was continually conuerſaunt with the *Muſes*, with all learnings Ladies, euen with the anſient Gods and Goddeſſes themſelues, who haue repaide my diligent ſeruice with a ſmall habilitie to yſe my penne as a proper inſtrumente againſt yrkeſome idlenes, and a ſharpe ſwoorde to vanquiſhe her brutiſh daughter blinde ignorance mother to error, the dreadfull vndoer of mankinde. By this meanes I filled of late fiue queeres of paper with mine owne deuiſes, if a mā may eſteeme that his which the great worldemaker, I knowe not by what ſecrete diuine infuſion conuaieth into him, which booke for that it is in deed but a brief repetitiō of the Queenes maieſties due deſerued praiſes, therfore I did intitle it

A Reuelation of the true Minerua: in whithe discourse for that it pleaseth many of the worthiest that euer liued to vtter some speeches in the praise of her most excellent Maiestie, and to surrender and resigne ouer their titles, beeing as it woulde seemee, prouoked thereto by her maiesties due desarts, I not able to cõceale that part, haue abruptly rent it from the reste which made it once more beautifull. And because your Ladiships exceeding great wisdom hath made you a very worthy mẽber of her maiesties most roiall Courte, and hath inriched you with such credite as you may mightily defende all godly and good indeuours, hauing your place continually very neere vnto her maiesties elbow, therfore I haue set foorth this first part vnder your tuition, hoping that the matter therein contained shall please euen as many as shall reade it, and thus your Ladiships most humble seruant doth end, wishing vnto you in euery respect your heartes desires.

The Printer to the *Reader.*

GEntle reader, the intricate sence of some things contayned in this smal treatise, may induce thy doubtfull minde into diuers iudgementes: therefore by obseruing the Alphebeticall order set down in the margent, and so conferring the notes which I haue heare prefixed with the authours discourse, thou shalt (I doubt not,) finde a light sufficient to leade thee thorowe that darknesse, and thou vnderstanding thereby his intent wilt (I hope) remaine sufficiently satisfied, which thing I hartily wishe.

A BEcause that diuers verie good Philosophers haue interpreted this worde* *Saturne* to signifie the plentifull aboundaunce of a minde endued with true vnderstanding, deriuing it from the greeke woorde κορος: because also in his time the golden worlde was in the most flourishing estate: therefore hee is here brought in, as one indued with the true vnderstanding how to gouerne and rule a common weale: and so generally throughout this treatise, when any one whom the heathen for his woorthinesse woorshipped as a god is rehearsed, not the man, but the vertue which made him of so great estimation is to be regarded, and in this place the author with great admiration, finding all vertue, goodnes and godlinesse, to concurre in a woman, because he thinketh it no heresie to affirme that euery good man hauing the place of a Maiestrate is a god: therefore his intent

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is, that they whom vertue made goddes, shoulde create this goddesse, the very beloued of God, on whom God hath aboundantly bestowed his great and best blessinges without measure, and thus he taketh his exordium from the *Psal.* 82 God standeth in the congregation of the gods, &c.

Pallas and *Minerua* by the authoritie of many Poets woulde seeme both to bee but one: because *Pallas* the daughter of *Iupiter* is called by the name of *Minerua*: yet this is most certayn, we reade but of one *Pallas* whose name is deriued of Παλλω: shee is of some called *Bellona* the goddesse of warre, of other *Tritonia*, taking that name of the Fenne in which she was first founde: shee was counted the goddesse of humaine knowledge, and *Aristotle* calleth her *Scientiarum & prudentiæ dea*: but we read of 5. *Minervæ*: all the Philosophers, and especially *Tully* (contrary to the opinion of manie Poets) do call one of them *Disciplinarum, & Sapientiæ dea*, the great and greatest goddesse, euen shee who had the knowledge of heauenly wisedome: but howe so euer it was, his intent is to showe that worldly wit is of none effect without heauenly wisedome, and for that cause *Pallas* doth here lament the losse of *Minerua*, thinking it not possible that the politike lawes of any common weale can bee of sufficient force to beate downe sinne, and to bridle the ranging desires of mans disposition without diuinitie, and that the bodie cānot be brought to obey anie lawe, except that the working of the conscience bee the chiefe cause thereof: and so he proceedeth to his purpose, to proove that heauenly wisedome is the knowledge and feare of God, and shee which is indued therewith, doth well deserue to be called *Minerua*, the very true goddesse of wisedome. B

Alecto that spitefull furiesse of hell (for so haue the Auncients tearmed hatred and malice) doth vpon no occasion deuise to hurt the happie, and such as by vertue doe ascende vnto the toppe of fortunes wheele, & to aduaunce the vnworthie: therfore here he bringeth in *Galathea*, a light & C

very wanton woman, and thereby may be seene howe blind spite and hatred are : whose desire is alwayes to destroy the vertuous, and to aduaunce the wicked.

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There is nothing else contayned in this verse but a Poeticall description of a deuise, such as the Popes holinesse is full of, especially when he woulde extinguishe the light of the Gospel, and as this verse seemeth to haue no sence, so his deuises haue no force, therefore it obserueth a certayne *Decorum*.

Farewell.

The Preface.

Poore Pilgrime who ſeekes the circle rounde
Of all the worlde to finde his heartes deſire,
On tope of hie Pernaſſas *hill hee found*
This booke, which al the Muſes *did admire,*
With golden chain on deske of Genepire
Faſt lockt it lay vpon Apollos *ſeate.*
This in his breſt did kindle firſt the fire,
Both night and day he did the Gods intreate,
Long time hee ſerude with trickling droppes of ſweate,
Like drudge to learnings Ladies ſmall and great:
And in the ende they gaue him for his hyre
Such knowledge as of them hee did require.
Minerua *nowe reuealed is renownde,*
For fame her name and due deſart doth ſounde:
Her happie head with goodly crowne is crownde,
Long may ſhee liue and clime in honour hier,
All meanes remounde that may moue her to ire
The Pilgrime praies, doubting his owne retyre.

Goe ſtreight and feare not.

Lmightie *Ioue*, he *Saturne* ſage did ſende, A
Commanding *Mars*, & *Mercury* to meet,
Apollo paſſing prudent did attend:
And *Neptune* left the ſeas, and all his fleete,
The God of gods, theſe Goodly Gods did greete:
Then thus he ſaide, let it be knowen by you,
Whom I on earth moſt worthie doe auowe.

Foreſpent with ſpeede, conſumde well neere with haſte,
Pallas, ſhee there did piteouſly complaine, B
Both I, and all the worlde is quite digraſt,
My deare ſiſter, *Minerua* mine, in vaine
I liue alas, for now there doth remaine,
No no, not one *Minerua* done away,
Which in her place is meete to beare the ſway.

The *Muſes* mourne, and mourne they may for mee
Sith goddeſſe ſhee of greateſt grace is gone,
Poore *Pallas* I perplext with miſerie,
Am left alone, (alas) and all alone:
To you, you gods my ſtate I doe bemone,
And if you will haue *Pallas* ſtill remaine,
Then you a newe *Minerua* muſt ordaine.

Apollo ſate with *Saturne* by his ſide,
Hence *Mercury*, goe get thee hence hee ſaide,
Doe ſeeke and ſearche through all the worlde ſo wide
For her, who may bee newe *Minerua* made,
Whoſe due deſerued fame ſhall neuer fade.
The winged God went thence as ſwift as winde:
And *Saturne* ſage did thus declare his minde.

All ſauage then like tearing Tigers fell,
more bruite then beaſtes, there luſt moſt lewd was law:
Men liude when I a man with men did dwell,
Then men by men were rent and eaten rawe:
From wicked wilde euen I theſe men did drawe
To ciuile life, by my good gouernment:
They were inclinde to knowe what reaſon ment.

Then lawes I made, and right at laſt did raigne,
All men with one conſent put to their hande:
From hilles and woods in the moſt pleaſant plaine
men met like friendes, and as they there did ſtand,
Both how, and who ſhould rule, and till the land
I did ordaine, cities and townes they then
did builde, of beaſtes, they were by mee made men.

Then none did eate the ſweete of others ſweat,
For *thine* by right, and merie *mine* I made,
Therefore a God of all the gods moſt great
They me ordainde, my fame can neuer fade
Till heauen and all the earth be quite decaide:
For *Saturne* ſits aloft in ſeemely ſphere,
Euen ſo doth *Mars* (ſaid *Mars*) as you ſhall heare.

Thy *mine* and *thine* did breede ſuch bitter ſtrife,
From out the worlde when thou wert once away,
As euerie man did ſeeke eche others life,
That witleſſe will might haue the power of *may*
To rule vnruld, to beare the chieſeſt ſway:
Then king with king, the weakeſt went to wracke,
And mightie *mine* made feeble *thine* his lacke.

Then

Then might was right, for all thy lawes were lame,
The goodly ground with blood was then imbrude,
Then warres and warlike weapons I did frame,
And force perforce, I right againe renude,
Moſt quiet peace my bloodie warres inſude:
My trayned troupes of ſouldiers kept in awe,
All ſuch whoſe lewdneſſe made their luſte a lawe.

You greateſt gods doe graunt and giue me grace,
Silenus ſage (all Satier like) did ſay:
To tell a truth here in this preſſe and place:
Mars halfe amazde, his ſtory there did ſtay:
They gaue him leaue, then he without delay.
men may bee gods, euen gods of great degree,
Such gods muſt die like men, and ſo did wee.

Why, howe, and who, by God and men bee made,
Of mortall men immortall gods giue eare,
when due deſerued fame can neuer fade:
Report by right aboue the earth ſhall reare
All ſuch, and ſet their names in ſeemely ſphere,
Such liue on earth more happie then the reſt:
Such haue in heauen a bliſſe of al the beſt.

Bacchus did plant, and *Ceres* ſowde the grounde,
Neptune deuiſde the ſwelling Seas to faile,
Apollo for his learning was renownde:
For worldly wit dame *Pallas* did preuaile,
Euen ſhee who heere *Mineruas* want doth waile,
Theſe all were gods by due deſart, and ſhee
A goddeſſe, next *Minerua* by degree.

Hæc prudē-tia, illa ſapiē-tia dea.

* *Minerua.* For heauenly wiſedome *ſhee exceld eche one,
Her knowledge was, the ſoule from ſinne to ſaue,
Which knowledge nowe is knowne alas to none,
For all the worlde it is ſo bounſing braue
As none, no one doth thinke vpon his graue:
If *Sapiens* diuine wiſdome bee dead,
Then *Pallas* may with teares conſume her bred.

Diuinitie is made a masking coate,
To compaſſe what the diueliſhe doe deuiſe,
Deceite and craft hath ſet their force aflote,
All men haue wit, and no man nowe is wiſe:
Like *Proteus* proude they do themſelues diſguiſe,
No Gods but Diuels, no men but beaſtes they bee:
Practiſing craft and deepe hypocriſie.

As men before *Saturnus* time were rude,
Nowe much more brute and ſauage they will bee,
If care of conſcience doth not ſinne detrude:
You muſt therefore erect diuinitie,
And one ordaine of great and good degree,
Who muſt poſſeſſe *Minervas* former place,
So all the worlde true knowledge will imbrace.

Then hee and they all ſilent ſodenlie,
Their muſing mindes did mourne and maruaile much,
That this the laſt and latter age ſhoulde bee
Forlorne, the greeued Gods heere at did grutch.
Then *Mercurie* his quicke returne was ſuche,
Like hagarde hauke from haughtie heauen hee fell,
And thus hee did to them his trauell tell.

Where

Where *Troy* once ſtood no citie nowe doth ſtande,
A rude vnlearned rowte in *Thebs* remayne,
In *Athens* nowe there be a beaſtly bande,
And *Rome* is rude her vaunting is in vayne:
Euen ſo is *France*, all *Italy*, and *Spayn*,
No *Liuye* liues, no *Tully* can bee found,
There is not one good Poët on the ground.

That haughtie hill *Parnaſſus* heauenly hie
For learning where the louly Laurell grewe,
The bramble brier hath got the victorie:
The bankes once braue with flowres of goodly hewe,
All *Helecon* is blacke with moulded blewe:
Permeſſus ſpringes be drie, the *Nymphes* be dead,
The gorgious garlands gone, the *Muſes* flead.

The warres hath wipt what worthie was away,
And *Barbarye* doth *Chriſtendom* deuoure,
The *Turke*, the *Moore*, the prince of *Perſia*,
They dayly do increaſe in ſtrength and power,
They learning lothe, they build like beaſtes their bower
In igoraunce, they feare nor God nor diuell,
They hate the good, they honour what is euill.

Yet I am ſent that Phœnix rare to finde
Whom all in vaine I ſeeke and can not ſee,
And yet ſhee liues, and is of *Saturns* kinde,
Begot by *Mars*, preſerud by *Ioue*, and ſhee
Remaynes aliue, in place not knowne to mee,
The firme of all the worlde my ſelfe haue ſought,
Yet her to finde the Oracle hath taught.

Where *Arctike poole* with *Guardes* doth ſtand
L. and two * degrees from lande
Minerua doth remaine:
Where want of warre and quiet peace
Hath cloid the countrey with increaſe
of gold and goodly graine,
Where *Troynouant*, where *Athens* newe,
where noble *Nymphes* do dwell,
Where manie modeſt *Muſes* be,
euen ſuch as do excell.

Lacking a third part.

This greateſt goddeſſe there in throne
Of higheſt dignitie alone
doth ſit, and beare the ſway:
Olympus there, *Pernaſſus* hie,
Permeſſus ſpringes be neuer drie,
the ground is greene and gay:
The Palme and Laurell there doth growe,
euen there her biding is,
Out from the worlde, yet on the grounde,
euen in a place of bliſſe.

There comes quoth noble *Neptune* to my mind
That ſame of yore which ſober *Sybill* ſaide,
When *Mercurie* in vaine ſhall ſeeke to finde:
When all the worlde with warres ſhall be diſmaide:
When learninges light ſhall ſeeme to be decayde:
Let *Neptune* then reioyce with triple mace,
Let all the gods depart and giue him place.

Where at the gods greatly greeued did frowne,
And ſaide, the ſea could not the lande exceed:

But

But ſuddainely there was a goodly crowne
With garlandes gay on noble *Neptunes* head,
Imbroderd braue in romane letters redde
All percell gilt, and burniſhed with blewe,
The truth was ſet, and thus it did inſewe.

The tearing traſt of time hath waſted and worne out the worthie,
The mightie maine now may mourne ſuch loſſe, ſith the ſea hath her glory.

The greeued gods did maruell all amazde,
Such vnknowne ſightes vpon this crowne were ſeene,
About the toppe a ſwelling ſea was rayſde:
In which a chalkie cliffe with medowes greene,
There in on ſtately throne a royall Queene,
A pranſing *Pegaſus* ſtood by the dame,
And on his backe ſat euerlaſting fame.

On hieſt toppe a heauenly angell ſtood,
Harde by his ſide a Harraulde had his place,
From raging ſeas, euen from the *Ocean* flood
Appearde a prince, bolde *Brutus* by his grace,
To Harraulde he declarde his royall race:
The king at armes his petigree he pende,
The Angel markte and did his miſſe amende,

The Queene to noble *Brutus* blood was found
By long deſent alied linially,
Aeneas he who was ſo much renownde
From him did *Brute* deſcende ſucceſſiuely:
The wandering prince had his natiuitie

For him who was the eldeſt ſonne, in ſeat
His grandſier ſat, of all the gods moſt great.

The ſeat wherein this courtly Queene did ſit
was Rubie rare, none ſeene for ſice ſo great,
a golden globe was vnder both her feete,
a comely cloude did compaſſe all the ſeate,
the ſea in vayne the cloude and globe did beate
with foming froth, about her heauenly heade
Pallas perſaude a poſie, which ſhee reade.

Not ſuch a godeſſe againe in *Aſia, Europ*, or *Affricke*,
for vertue, great degree, for her magnanimitie, (ſeat,
Nowe let *Apollo* giue place, let *Neptune* ſit in the chiefe
ſith in his ſea ſhe doth dwel, ruling a world at her wil,
Bliſſed & bliſſed againe, three times thriſe happie *minerua*,
with thee and thine eſtate no mortal mã may cõpare.

Then *Pan* (when *Neptune* had *Apollos* place)
that rurall god and clowniſhe ruſtikes king,
with ſhepheardes three attending on his grace,
he plide his pipe, the one of them did ſing,
the ſecond ſighth, the third his handes did wring,
when paſtor *Pan* perſaude their pitious plight,
his pipe laide down he made his men reſight
their cauſe of care.
From walled towne I *Bembus* wonted was
a mightie maſſe of money once a yeere
full xl. crownes I did returne, alas
nowe xx. grootes I can not compaſſe cleere,
my ſtocke, my ſtore, my houſhold ſtuffe moſt deere,
I ſpend, and ſpoyle, and all to none auayle,
lawgh he that liſt, *Bembus* ſhall weepe and wayle. On

On pleaſant pipe to play did pleaſe me much,
I did delight ſweete ditties to indight:
But nowe the woes of wretched warres be ſuch
As nothing els but howe in fielde to fight,
And howe to keepe the flocke from ſouldiers ſight:
That rauening woolfe, whoſe neuer filled mawe
With rage doth make his wicked will a lawe.

Poore *Colon* I, and careful *Comma* ſhee
My weded wife, once happie, nowe forlorne,
Let vs complayne of fortunes crueltie,
The countries grace, and nowe the countries ſcorne,
X. men, v. flockes, v. plowes, to ſowe my corne
I keept, but nowe the greater is my care
My flockes be ſtolne, my fruitfull fieldes be bare.

The people for the princes pride are plagde,
It falleth to the faultleſſe ſubiectes lot,
To double drinke in cruel cuppe of care,
When peruerſe princes madding minde doth dote:
Bellona then doth ſounde a dolefull note,
Then blooddie men of warre the ſweete doth eate
Without regard of vs the ſhepheardes ſweate.

My *Bembus* deare thou knoweſt this Sommer laſt,
Whoſe armie laide all leuell with the grounde
Our corne halfe ripe, our vines were ſpoild as faſt,
Our townes be burnt, our woods worth many a pound
Be quite deſtroyde, and where may nowe be founde
One hedge, or ditch, not torne nor troden downe,
This curſed crop we reape from hie renowne.

In winter nowe when *Boreas* bitter blaſt
Forbiddes in field that armed men ſhoulde meete,
A greater griefe we countrey men do taſt,
Wee ceſſed are, the ſouldier eates theiſweete
Of all our toile, a thing nor iuſt nor meete,
Such is my ſtate: yet this my hireling
when *Pan* doth pipe what doth he then but ſing.

And ſing thy ſeruaunt muſt good *Colon*, he
Doth hope to haue (as he before hath had)
A place of reſt exempt from miſerie,
You both (I thinke) do ſinne to be ſo ſadde,
Take mine aduiſe and be you euer glad,
Do followe mee, forſake theſe fieldes though knowne,
My ſelfe can giue the like they be mine owne.

For I *Epizenes* a paſtor am;
Though nowe thy man yet I my ſelfe keepe men,
With in my fieldes ſkipes many a luſtie lambe,
I dwell where beefe and bacon meate for men,
where milke and honie floweth like the fenne:
I dwell where want of warre and quiet reſt
Doth plainely proue *Brittaine* to be the beſt.

Epizenes thou ſeemſt to haue no ſence,
Bembus ſhall proue thee mad or ignorant,
If ſo it be, why didſt thou runne from thence?
wherefore? becauſe all thinges they be ſo ſcant
where thou doeſt dwell, that naked neede and want
Did driue thee thence, my neighbour *Colon* can
Report thy ſtate, when firſt thou wert his man.

Bembus

Bembus, do heare the ſtorie of my ſtate,
Cloyd with the bliſſe which nowe I doe deſire,
I knowe not what the frowarde force of fate
I being well, did make mee to aſpire,
By trauell I did thinke to clime vp hier,
Thus not content in paradize to dwell,
ſeeking for heauen, I founde out hatefull hell,

By ſea and lande my ſelfe with reſtleſſe toyle
The circle rounde of all the worlde haue ſought,
Since firſt I left my louely natiue ſoyle
with deere expenſe my knoweledge I haue brought,
The ſpice of *Spayne*, *Canary* wine is nought,
The grapes of *Fraunce*, the fruite of *Italye*,
Nor pleaſant fieldes in *Flanders* pleaſeth mee,

What taxe, what tolle, what tribute do they pay?
with dayly warres, what wretched liues they leade?
Kinges they do cauſe continuall decay,
Their ſubiectes liue in daily doubt and dread.
They wofull wightes, do hate their hurtfull head,
They curſe their kings, like ſlaues which make thē ſerue,
They till and toile, and yet for food they ſtarue.

Oppreſſion rules with cruell tyrannie,
In *Spayne* is ſpitefull ſuperſtition ſpread:
Harde roughnes doth remaine in *Germany*,
Fidelitie from faithleſſe *Fraunce* was fled:
In *Italie* fancie is ſuprime head:
Blinde ignoraunce in *Barbary* remaine,
The *Turke* doth loue the diuell, and God diſdaine.

But none of these in Britayne braue abide,
Where godesse great *Elizabeth* doth raine.
For God almightie with his grace doth gyde
Her highnesse heart, and all her courtly trayne,
That happie he who may with her remaine:
Both poore and rich doth quietly possesse
Their owne, the hauen of heauenly happinesse.

When lust most leude made iustice leaue the lawe:
And vice destroyd dame vertues stately stile:
Diuinitie esteemde not worth a strawe:
These three disdaind were baniſht to exile,
They left the lande, on seas they saild a while,
And at the last on *Brittayne* braue they fell,
Where queene *Eliza* made these Ladies dwel.

Religion first a certaine signe of grace,
Not next, but in her highnes heauenly heart,
Amidst her minde vertue did take her place:
Shee did commaund Iustice not to depart
From her right hande, nor from her side to start:
Then thus shee spake, during my doubtfull date
I will bee Queene, you three shall rule my state.

Epizenes (quoth) *Pan* if *Bombus* bee,
If *Colon* with his *Comma* be content,
Wee will depart to place vnknowen with thee,
And sell or let the sheepcourses for rent:
Some god perhappes thy selfe hath hither sent,
Vs to conduct to place where as wee may
Liue like the men in rich *Europia*.

And better much for libertie and gaine,
if so you will, then let vs hence away.
The windes bee good, doe neuer thinke it payne
to sayle the Seas, within a month wee may
haue happie hauen, and bee in blessed bay:
my selfe will take that stately charge in hande,
to guide your course, and winne the wished land.

With this crosse staffe, wherewith I wonted was,
height, length, and breadth of euery thing to tell,
with that, and with an Astrolob of brasse,
Globe, Compasse, a Nocturnall will doe well,
with these, and with my Carde which doth excell,
I so will saile, as you shall vnderstande:
that *Palinurus* hate the Helme in hande.

When *Titan* sittes in middayes circle seate,
when goodly Guardes doth Artike Pole displaie,
then shall you see a shephearde doe the feate,
and perfectly direct you on your way:
ouer the place where as I meane to stay,
The North starre stands at fiftie two degree,
That height founde out, wee finde felicitie.

They were content, and as they did depart,
The greatest god of all this goodly traine,
I see (hee saide) thou hast the Sea mans Art:
My *Mercurie* hath ceaseleslie sought in vaine,
Minerua there, *Minerua* doth remaine:
Goe foorth my sonne and trauaile to newe *Troy*:
Hee went, and came, and brought encrease of ioy.

For as you ſee the ſwifteſt Swallowes wing,
Doth cut the ſkie, and leaues her haunt behind:
So *Mercurie* the poſt of Gods did bring
His meſſage backe, whome *Homer* hath aſſignde:
A meſſenger to them of heauenly kinde:
To whome he did with ſpeede his ſpeeche adreſſe,
And thus what hee had ſeene he did expreſſe.

My trauaile proues the *Oracle* moſt true,
The workmanſhip on *Neptunes* noble crowne,
Doth repreſent halfe the deſerued due,
Of her the greateſt goddeſſe of renowne:
Minerua liues, let *Pallas* ceaſe to frowne,
She is aliue, my ſelfe her grace haue ſeene,
In maieſtie, of *Britayne* braue the Queene.

To whom when firſt I made my meſſage knowne,
And ſaide, O Queene the gods doe thee ſalute,
Saturne himſelfe whoſe fame about is blowne:
Mars Neptune, and *Apollo* great by brute,
Pallas thy younger ſiſter hath a ſute
vnto thy grace, they all, but chiefly ſhe,
Sent mee to know thy ſtate and great degree.

The Queene replide, I knowe no God but one
And hee of heauen, who guides mee by his grace:
The Heathen had their Gods which nowe bee gone,
Whoſe Idols I by Gods ſpell did deface:
There is one God and him I doe imbrace,
No ſiſter I, yet what they doe intende
declare, for I all goodnes will defend.

Moſt

Moſt mightie prince *Saturne* doth ſignifie
good gouernment: *Neptune* and *Mars* of might
By Sea and land in warre haught valiancie,
Apollo how diuinely to indight,
Pallas wiſdome to rule and raigne aright:
Such vertues great from theſe men did deſcende,
They are and ſhal be gods vnto the end.

Yet baniſht nowe they liue in darke exile,
For where is valure or good gouernemente?
Learning hath left her former ſtately ſtile,
From prudence craft her right with rage hath rent:
The cauſe why theſe deſtreſſed Gods haue ſent
me to this Ile, from that moſt mightie maine
is this, they heare thy highneſſe here doth raigne

By right, ruling thie Realme with equitie,
Heauenlie wiſdome and godly zeale doth reſt
with thee, pitie and perfect pietie:
God with his grace aboundantly hath bleſt
thy grace, and thee inritcht aboue the reſt,
They, (other) Princes of another kinde
Doe baniſhe ſuch as thou doeſt ſeeke to finde.

Hopeleſſe of helpe which when theſe gods did heare,
They ſent in poſt on meſſage *Mercury:*
I am not fame which flyeth here and there
For *Mercurie* deare dame, doeh ſignifie
A meſſenger, and for the gods am I
Sent with this ſute, if it may pleaſe thy grace,
Both they and I will ſerue thee in this place.

And

And then the Queene, my ſeruants? no, my ſaints,
Copertiners of my crowne and dignitie:
Let them leaue off their heeretofore complaints:
Bid them come rule this mightie Realme with mee,
And let them knowe my ſtate and great degree:
Tell them that nothing can delight mee more,
Then they whoſe names I chiefly doe adore.

Then might you ſee the prudent *Pallas* glade,
And all her mourning garments done away,
All her aſſiſtants ſighde and ſobd ful ſad:
Reioyced nowe, and Solemnizde that day
With ſonges, and making garlandes gorgeous gay:
Then thus ſhee ſpake, good *Mercury* at large,
Report the thinges committed to thy charge.

His replie. Her heauenly hewe, her more then mortall grace,
(For vertue may mortall immortall make,)
Her ſtately ſteppes, her princelie royall race,
Her Maieſtie makes mortall men to quake,
Her dignitie doth make the gods to ſhake:
When earthly eyes her highneſſe doe behold,
They doe affirme her forme not from the moulde.

Ouer her head, angels with ſwordes in hande,
Betwixt her eyes doth right remorſe remaine,
Before her face the feare of God doth ſtande,
Salomons bliſſe abideth in her braine,
Her eares bee ſtopt to matters vilde and vaine:
From goodlie lips her learned tongue doth tell
The way to heauen, where ſhee no doubt doth dwell.

Contented

Contented life within her minde doth reſt,
Vpon her breaſt doth perfect bliſſe abide,
And charitie doth ſit vpon her cheſt:
A certaine ſure ſtate that cannot ſlide
Is fixt as beſt beſeemes faſt to her ſide,
Moſt worthie prayſe for her virginitie,
Diana neuer halfe ſo chaſte as ſhe.

Her arme doth rule a mightie Realme by right,
Her hande doth giue eche one his due deſart,
To walke in righteous wayes is her delight,
From perfect path her feete doe not depart,
Her ſteppes moſt ſtraight doe ſhew her heauenly heart,
Vnder her feete raging reuenge doth couch,
At her commaunde her valure to auouche.

When treaſons ſpightful, hid conſpiracies,
They woulde vntwine her worthie warped twiſt:
Theſe heauenly Angels then with *Argus* eies,
Doe force the blooddie blade from traytours fiſt,
Whoſe gotten gaine is heauie had I wiſt:
When forraigne foes would reaue her princely crown,
Then blacke reuenge doth beate their boaſtings down.

This true report whilſt *Maias* ſonne hath made,
And brought the gods from maruaile to a maze,
Withouten ſhape all ſubſtantleſſe a ſhade
Appearde in ſight, on which they all did gaze,
Whoſe bended browes an inwarde griefe did blaze:
This ſhadowe ſeemde with all her might in vaine,
To turne the wheele where mankinde doth remaine.

On toppe whereof *Minerua* hath her place,
A glorious ſeat by which but one did ſit,
and hee not knowne, princes of royal race
about the ſides in place for them moſt fit,
A godly youth and of a worthie wit
Was plaſt with them, whoſe mothers due deſart
Quite from the wheele had laid her downe apart.

Alecto then, the breader of debate
Though pale, and wane yet blewe with ruthfull rage,
Fie fortune fie (quoth ſhe) fie on thy ſtate,
A goddeſſe no, thou wart in elder age,
Contemned nowe of plowman, prince and page,
No homage done, honour, nor ſacrifice,
Come take reuenge of this contempt, ariſe,

By nature I all happineſſe doe hate,
The giftes I giue are bitter griefes like gall,
Hate, ſpight, malice, and madneſſe, ſtaie my ſtate,
With theſe I dayly doe deuiſe to thrall
All ſuch as ſit aloft in ſtately ſtal:
My pleaſure is the fortunate to foyle,
All my delight is in their ſpeedie ſpoyle.

With mightie arme to turne this wheele make haſt:
Let them belowe aboue in bliſſe remaine,
My gorgeous *Galathea* is diſgraſt,
C Whom to aduance I toyle as yet in vaine,
Of thee, and to thy grace ſhee doth complaine:
Heare her at laſt, and let her not for aye
By due deſart be drowned in decay.

But fortunes force was now of none auaile,
When vices vilde to caue of cruell care
Doe caſt, her power then can not preuaile:
When godly life, and vertues very rare,
When they aduaunce, what fickle fortune dare
moleſt ſuch one, whom God in higheſt place
hath ſet, whoſe ſteps be guided by his grace.

Alecto lewd the hater of good hap
when ſhe perceiude dame fortunes feeble force,
Shee made about and ſpide a ſecond gap
wherein ſhee leapt, O *Pluto* take remorſe
on vs ſhe ſaid, with voice hollow and hoarce:
Shee ſits thou ſeſt in higheſt dignitie,
which doth deſtroy thy mightie monarchie.

The worlde thou knoweſt, I all the worlde was thine,
Thy caues were cramd, when heauen all emptie was,
Blinde ignorance that mighty mother mine
ſhee ruld, ſhee rainde, ſhe brought it ſo to paſſe
That all was thine, euen ſhee maintaind the maſſe,
And ſhee it was which gaue the triple crowne
To him of *Rome*, of more then * muche renowme. * *Ironia*,

But now, (not from *Apollos* learned braine)
Out from the ſtocke of *Mars* is ſprong a maide,
Who doth both him, and thee, and mee diſdaine,
Thou ſeſt by her thy kingdome is decayd,
Thou ſeſt her force, her fame can neuer fade,
True knowledge ſhortly ſo ſhall ſtuffe the heauen,
That all thy ſtate ſhal ſtand at ſixe and ſeuen.

Quoth *Pluto* tell my *Metropolitan*,
To no such end he hath his princely place,
Hee keepes the keyes, his might may bliſſe or ban,
Yet dothe hee ſee and ſuffer this diſgrace,
Tell him from mee I him and all his race
will quite deſtroy except he doth pluck down,
All ſuche as bee rebellers to my crowne.

Thus did the Diuell with patience replie,
But whē the Pope had heard his princes minde,
His heauie hearte in raging wrath did frie,
In haſt, poſt haſt a counſaile hee aſſignde:
Bals balling Prieſtes (not only bald but blinde,)
From euery coaſt in flockes like Coutes they came,
Thus ſpake the woolfe clad like a ſimple lambe.

My ghoſtly care with mercie mixt too muche,
Hath brought contempt, curſing ſhall nowe preuaile:
This ſtubborne wretched wicked worlde is ſuch.
Nowe puniſhment and whippes of bitter bayle:
They muſt and ſhall reſourme, I will not faile,
To plucke them downe with vengeance ruthfull rod:
Which doe denie mee to bee ſupreme head.

Haue I the power to curſe, to bliſſe, to binde,
To loſe, to ſend to heauen or els to hel?
Or is this key and triple crowne aſſignde
To me, to ſuffer them thus to rebell?
No no, I will ſubdue them very well:
To *Fraunce*, to mightie *Spaine*, to *Italie*
I *Britane* giue, *Scotlande*, and *Germanie*.

whoſe

Whose princes proud are fled from former faith,
And doe deuise to rob mee of the rest,
When as my state was at the hiest haigth
Then happie he who with my toe was blest,
Then all was mine from the'st vnto the west,
Then on the backes of Emperours I trode,
Then who but I, there was none other God.

But nowe alas I liue in lowe degree,
A woman doth mee and my might defie,
The Gospel nowe my mortall enemie
By meanes of her is preacht both farre and nie:
As it reuiues, so I your pope doe die:
As I do droupe, so you your selues must mourne,
Looke well heereto before you be forlorne.

This carefull court in haste it did deuise,
It sent forth sectes, it traytors did retaine,
Those rebels fled for feare which faine woulde rise,
It made them practise matters vilde and vaine,
Alectos Galathia did complayne
Whome to aduaunce they haue, they do, and will,
On feeble fort such show their slender skill,

For as the seas do roare against the rocke
In vaine, and windes no mountaines maie remooue,
So there at *Rome* these forcelesse priestes did flock
None of their popish practizes would proue,
Which did so much that mightie monster moue,
As straight he did a holie league conclude,
Meaning by might the Gospel to detrude.

Then *Galathea* presently was blest,
If he may blesse who coulde not can not curse,
Hee made a shotte and yet the marke he mist,
Hee stretcht the stringes of his plentifull purse
In vaine, and all in vaine hee did disburse
His *Peterpence*, all thinges had such successe,
As well deserude his worships worthinesse.

D Which made him clap a loose hooke to his saile,
Peter put on his considering cappe,
A fruiteless flower passing poore & pale:
Without or smell, or tast, or sence, or sappe,
A hidden hooke, a traine, a secrete trappe,
Away the witch, the windes were not to scant,
The fleete was rigde, and yet there was a want.

Then from that borde he cast his sayles about,
He did and doth an other drift deuise,
Alecto with her stobourne seruauntes stoute
Doth further forth his diuelishe enterprise,
With false report to euery coaste she flies
And filles the eares of euerie king with ire
Against her grace to make them all conspire.

The present gods seeing this great turmoile,
Made haste with speede her person to defende,
Saide *Saturne* let vs keepe her from the foile,
This wicked world shee all her force doth bend
To sinke such as by vertue woulde ascend.
This is (said *Mars*) a valiant troupe I trowe:
which dare attempt one womans ouerthrowe.

And

And doth the diuell and he his depute there?
Doe kinges consult, and furies fierce of hell,
My daughter from her hie estate to teare?
Dare they against both *Ioue* and vs rebell?
O hie deuise, their courage doth excell:
They faine woulde frame the ouerthrowe of one
which must and shall remaine when they are gone.

Whose pride, but first their rage we will resist,
Menacing *Mars* with eyes like flaming fire,
His face showde what was shrowded in his brest:
He made all that were present to admire
At his reuenge, and dare they thus conspire?
They will (quoth hee) and I will doe the deede
which shall preuaile, when shee shall stande in neede.

Pallas with secrete suddaine ioy reuiude,
Forgetting quite her griefes forerunne shee saide,
Attende and heare the song I haue contriude,
Giue eare you gods, lende me your louing ayde:
Apollo thou the best that euer plaide
Take Lute in hand, tune to the waters fall,
Minerua liues, whom *Pallas* honor shall.

Farewell you kinges of all the continent
both farre and neare,
Against both gods, and goodnes you be bent
with sworde and speare,
Therefore with you the furies fierce of hell,
We with the vertuous English Queene will dwell,
she can not slide
for we will stide
Her steppes, and make her fame excel. C 4 For

For true report with golden trumpe doth sounde
her worthie prayse:
But your reproch by rumour doth rebounde
in the hie wayes
Of all the worlde, so you in infamie
Must liue, and shee in royall dignitie:
howe can shee fade
whom vertue made
The greatest godesse by degree.

Reioyce you gods to sing we will not cease,
nowe we haue founde
The chiefest place of rest and quiet peace
vpon the grounde.
For we shall sit euen by her seemely side,
Whose mightie mase the golden world doth gide;
so worthie a Queene
was neuer seene,
VVhose heauenly state shall neuer slide.

From striking of his stringes *Apollo* stayde,
VVhich brought this suddaine ende to *Pallas* song,
His Lute laide downe hee thus vnto them saide,
As wee be godes, so let vs do no wrong,
you knowe the charge which doth to vs belong,
Howe mightie *Ioue* the onely god aboue
VVould vs on earth showe whom he best doth loue.

If *Pallas* and the tried trueth doth proue
The English Queene of all most worthie prayse,

Then

Then may wee boldely boaſt that God doth loue
Her beſt, if moſt ſhee walketh in his wayes,
VVhich if to proue make we no more delayes
But let vs hence, for we with her will dwell
If ſuch ſhee be, if ſo ſhee doth excell.

Then her we may and will immortall make,
A goddeſſe great *Minerua* be her name,
My *Mercury* hee ſhall him ſelfe betake
To all the worlde, and there he ſhall proclame
Both farre and neare her due deſerued fame:
All men that liue her grace they ſhall adore
Both at this preſent time, and euermore.

Quoth *Pallas* let it be as you haue ſaide,
wee will depart, yet doubt not of the dame,
Shee is by prooſe and oracle diſplayde,
Moſt certainelie I knowe ſhee is the ſame:
And I before I hence depart, will frame
A comely Coronet of goodly greene,
which ſhall right well become a maiden Queene.

And wee ſaide they will breake downe *Floras* bower
Yeelding thereto the floweres of the fielde:
Sylvanus then ſtept from his ſtately towre,
And I thereto ſuch branches braue will yeelde
(Saide hee,) as hath been ſeene but verie fielde,
Of woodes, of groues, of goodly greene the god
I am, you knowe they bowe if I but nod.

A reuelation

Though hatefull *Hyems* wasting winters rage,
With bitter blastes my tender bowes doth bite:
Yet friendly *Ver* her rigor doth aswage,
And all my groues with goodly greene doth dight:
The modest *Muses* flocke for their delight
Amidst my greene, they daily march for meede,
They sing, they daunce, they there, their fancies feede.

VVithin my groues such sacred trees doe growe
As neuer will their louely greene forgoe,
Them on your goddesse garlande I'le bestowe,
Not onely them, but many flowres moe,
Hearbes of all sortes if you will haue it so.
Quoth *Neptune*, pearles and precious stones great store
I will supplie, what woulde *Pallas* haue more.

Then forth they went and gathered all was good,
Great mightie bowes and branches home they brought,
they did disgrace eche forrest, fielde, and wood.
Neptune returnd who had his *Indies* sought,
From thence he Iewels which were neuer bought
For price, nor pay, they were so passing rare:
To order all *Pallas* had all the care.

Dame *Flora* with her nimble *Nymphes* came in,
Euen there they did their louely lappes vnlade,
And in her hande the prettie fairie Queene
Shee helde a glasse, these flowres shall not fade,
Them to preserue this water I haue made:
They shall not die, nor droup, but florish faire,
Nor feele the force of Sommers swelting aire.

The

The *Muſes* ix.ix.colours did preſent
Of ſowing ſilke vntwined yet in twiſt,
To ſowe, to weaue, to binde was their intent
where need requirde, then with her faire fiſt
A *Morian* maide when ſhee the place had bliſt,
Chryſtall, Currall, Amber, Bugle ſhee
Laide downe, and ſaide theſe for your gerland be.

The *Graces* called *Charites* came in,
Two bagges, the third ſhee did a bottel beare,
In which full twentie ſeueral roomes there bin
All filde with water delicate and deare,
Diſtilled all: and in the bagges there were
Muske, Mirre, Siuit, and Ambergreece the beſt
That hath bin ſeene, from th,eſt vnto the weſt,

They all as one imploide their ſecond care
More buſie then the birde which builds her neſt,
To take the choice whoſe vertues were moſt rare,
They litle ſlippes and branches of the beſt
Did bring, they left and laide away the reſt:
Pallas her ſelfe did worke this worthie wreath
moſt paſſing braue aboue, and braue beneath.

Ix. noble worthies mightie *Mars* they prayde
To paſſe with him to pleaſe their chiefe delight:
Vij. ſages then they thus to *Saturne* ſaide
wee will with thee to ſee this worthie wight:
Three Marriners indude with deepe inſight
Of ſeamans skill, worthie to frame a courſe
where *Neptune* was in ſpight of *Eols* force:

A learned troupe vnto *Apollo* preſt,
Of which were two inſeparable ſeemde,
Silenus, tho like mouners, yet the beſt
Theologi by deedes and doctrine deemd,
to him they went, of him they were eſteemde:
To garniſhe *Pallas* worke with greater grace,
By them eche branch and flower had her place.

The Firre tree firſt her branch they did forbid,
For it doth ſpeares and warlike weapons make,
The Oliues branch (whoſe vertue lieth hid)
It hates, his rootes doe growe from *Limbo* lake,
The mourning *Cyprus* bowe they did forſake:
The firſt with redde, but that with black they bounde
For them (from this) an other vſe was founde.

The Flower deluce though louely to beholde
In queſtion theſe the wiſeſt did it call,
And to refuſe the ſame the gods were bolde:
It repreſentes trouble and cruell thrall,
The leaues like ſwoordes do grow both tough & tall,
The roote though pleaſant, poiſon is to ſuch
As doe it drinke, which made the *Muſes* grutch.

Theſe thence for ſecrete cauſe they caſt away,
As too too bad to haue their being there,
This comely crewe did ſolemnize that day,
And *Pallas* made her perfite ſkill appeare,
The *Nymphes*, and Ladies of the fountaines cleare
More buſie then a ſwarme of bees, they brought
In laden armes ſuch thinges as they had ſought.

A Pantarbe ſtrange of great & goodly ſize,
with workemanſhip as rare as was the ſtone,
Shee there the firſt foundation did deuiſe,
Grene graſſe ſhee ſtrowde a handfull thereupon,
Treſoiles, Cinqueſoiles, and caterſoiles among,
The choſen ſlips of the Pomegranet tree,
Theſe bound with blacke, with white thoſe did agree,
whoſe ſecrete ſence *Libethrides* did ſing,
whilſt *Dryades* did other flowers bring.

VVithin the Salamanders head
a precious ſtone is founde,
Of value rich, of vertue rare,
none ſuch vpon the grounde:
VVho doth poſſeſſe the ſame,
may ſtande vnhurt in flame
of fiers force with fame.
Nor *Cupids* might
Can hurt ſuch one with ſpight,
Thrice happie wight
VVho hath the *Pantarbe* found.

Graſſe is greene common like corne,
yet doth it farre ſurmount,
For only graſſe maintaineth man,
and is of chiefe account.
The Romane Captaines wore
garlandes thereof of yore,
becauſe they did reſtore
the quiet peace,
and made the warres ſurceaſe.

A great increaſe
it plainely doth preſent,

The Primeroſe or Caterfoile
first in the prime doth ſpring,
It is the meſſenger to May
of wilde flowers the king:
Who first it findes muſt note
*Her colours his miſtres by her * coat,
It growes like true loue knot,
and doth preſent
ſhee neuer will repent
her voude intent,
happie who first it findes.

The Cincquefoiles ſanctitie is ſuch,
the Gentiles did applie
It chiefly in their ſacrifice
when they did putifie,
In it nine colours bin,
but chiefly white and greene
the colours of a Queene,
it doth declare
The wearer hath great care
with vertue rare
to keepe her ſoule from ſinne,

The Trefoile hath his ſecrete ſenſe,
the vnitie of three
It doth declare, and is in league
with the Pomegranet tree:

Cupid

Cupid that braunch did beare,
Whose hand with cruel speare
Eche louers heart doth teare,
it doth present
All flesh to loue is bent,
and must repent
their losse of libertie.

Thus though eche Ladie needes must loue
and seeke for vnitie,
Yet shee who doth the Pantarbe finde
shall liue at libertie:
With her reason shall rest,
Fancie shall bilde no nest
Within her blessed brest,
the great increase
of perfit loue, and peace,
shall neuer cease,
Where these flowers be worne.

You happie *Hamadryades*
nowe presse you out a pace,
Bring foorth what best may beautifie
the seconde ranke or race:
This worke is well begunne,
For wee our parts haue done,
Now you must thither runne,
in *Pallas* lap
You must your flowers wrap,
Minernas cap
Shee wil therewith adorne.

Two branches then of euerlasting wood,
which neuer will corrupt nor waste away,
But euer greene, their sauour passing good,
They doe declare her fame cannot decay
VVhich doth them weare, by due desart I say
Pallas them plast, and gaue the next degree
Vnto the Cedar and Geniper tree.

A thousand orient pearles shee hangde thereon,
For white with greene will euer well agree,
Sweete VVilliams then shee placed them among,
And Lauinder for liberalitie:
For her good workes, a braunche of Sauorie,
Al these the worthie woodbind did imbrace:
The Honisuckle gaue a greater grace
Vnto them all, whose braunch with chrystall dight,
Did muche increase the beholders delight.

The Double Dill for her humilitie,
Laus tibi (health) the Affodill doth shewe,
The Oking braunche her diuturnitie,
And thereuppon did golden Acornes growe
In comely knopps, hanging in seemely rowe:
To furnishe these shee set a slip of sage
For sustinance, all anger to aswage
Next this shee gentle Gezemen did place,
And thrifte she tide within our Ladies lace.

Pallas a comely Carbuncle did take,
whose royall rayse were bright like *Phœbus* bsames,

A triple towred toppe ſhee ment to make
Thereon, for well ſhe wiſt the glittering gleames
Thereof did ſhine with goodly ſtately ſtreames,
And leand vnto the lookers on ſuch light,
That they might iudge of euery thing aright.

And when ſhee had the hearbe Alimon founde,
Alaluya by and by ſhee ſpide,
The Larkesfoote faſt with white to Burnet bounde,
Dictamum ſhe to Peneryall tyde,
with goodly greene ſhee made them all abide:
And beare the branche whoſe tender twigges did bend,
with golden fruite as though their rine would rende:
About the Lillies ſtalke Hearts eaſe was wrapt,
And loue within our Ladies ſmock ſhee lapt.

The pretie Pincke, the goodly Marie golde,
Muske Roſes mixt with ſeemely Sops in wine,
Sweete Violets, of colours manifolde,
The gentle Gyllyflower floriſht fine,
Roſemary tide vnto a little Time,
with Baſell, Balme, Iſope, ſweete Margerie,
Theſe were intrayld with branche of Raſper tree.

Euen then ſhee did the double Daſeye downe
with blewe ſhee bounde it to the Laurell tree:
The little Pauncie greateſt of renowme,
Cornations came with great humilitie,
Doing vnto ſweete Eglintine dutie:
And then a branch of Palme with goodly grace,
Her ſpreading ſpraiſe did beautifie the place.

From hieſt top out of one ſtately ſtemme
Two royall Roſes white and redde did growe,
The Oliue tree moſt brauely grew by them,
And by their rootes were ſet in ſeemely rowe
Flowers and hearbes whoſe names I doe not knowe:
Pallas her comely Casket did vnlocke,
Before her face the Muſes all did flocke.

The Redroſe firſt with precious pearles they dight,
The white roſe they inritch with rubies rare,
Their ſtalke with Azure Saphires garniſht bright
A ſecrete hidden vertue did declare,
The Oliues goodly branches were not bare,
For all her twigges with Emeraulds did bende,
The Smarage did the Oliues greene amend.

Of Topazes two ſortes there haue bin founde,
One ſort like golde this garniſht Eglintine,
Not on but by the Pauncie moſt renowmde,
The other much more greene then graſſe did ſhine,
(By due deſart the Ardonix is thine:)
Thou doutie double Dayſeie for thy tree
The Daintie Diamon doth well agree.

The other hearbes with Margarites were mixt,
And heere and there did hang an Amateſt,
And euerie where a Iaſynth betwixt
Them both, and comely Chryſtall to the reſt,
With guled Currall, Bugle of the beſt,
Spangles of golde and ſiluer there were ſeene,
All theſe ſet foorth dame *Chloris* goodly greene.

The

The Fayrie Queene did season this with sweet,
And when she had consarude it in such wise,
As neither *Brumas* blastes, nor *Atumns* heate
Coulde hurte, shee did with all her wit deuise,
From euery branche a sweete perfume did rise,
The flowers did retaine their proper smell,
Quoth *Pallas* stay, this worke is passing well.

Diana and her daintie damsels did
Their friendly fingers vndefiled frame,
When sacred solemne rites were finished,
To beare being whithout or blot or blame
Vnto her grace who was of greatest fame
This rare deuise, with double dignitie:
Meauing to crowne *Minernas* maiestie.

The Poets Pince, and Haraulds chiefest king
Mightie *Palaphilos* you might persaue
To place ech one appointing euerie thing
As it shoulde bee: the gods were bounsing braue,
No goddesse there, no muse nor *Nymphe* was graue,
All did with ioyfull Iubilie reioyce
Shouting *Minerua* liues with often voyce.

Then might you see the rurall dames come in,
The youth like frie, olde folke like foules did flocke:
With bags and baskits filde vp to the brimme,
For *Fauni* did the Forrest gates vnlocke:
And simple Cate clad in a russet frocke
Brought branches thence, and flowers aporne full,
The waies were woods made by the gadding scull,

Apollo tooke in hand his pleasant Lute,
And hee his Harp who said *Eurydicen*,
Thales did force with louely lippes her Flute,
Calliope on Sitarne did begin,
Melpomene on Viall prayse did winne,
The *Napea* with the *Nayades*
They did deuise and singe thes sweete ditties.

The *Nymphes* and Ladies of the lake,
Perfourme this great solemnitie
All for their new *Minernas* sake
noble *Naiades*.

And where renowmed *Napea*
Is shee who doth deserue such fame?
In England now *Naiades*,
Elizabeth her name.

With slant a slant this slanting flocke,
The greatest goddesse by degree,
They meane that maiden Queene to make
with royall dignitie.

Thither goe all this faire flocke
with such so great solemnitie,
All for their newe *Minernas* sake
noble *Naiades*.

Thus they at last were come where Lud had laid
Though not the first, foundations long before,
VVhere then this courtly maiden Queene she staide

VVith

With all her traine, and manie ſtraingers more
For then there were Ambaſſadors great ſtore:
Whom to delight, the people did prepare
Triumphes, perfourmde with courage paſſing rare.

The court it ſelfe none ſuch my ſelfe haue ſeene
In *Fraunce*, in *Spayne*, nor curious *Italie*,
The courtiers, firſt the beautie of the Queene,
Her goodly grace, her garments what they bee,
No Empreſſe can make ſuch ſhowe as ſhee,
For gold, for pearle, for precious ſtones of price,
No one like her for robes of rare deuiſe.

Then from the prince vnto the poreſt page,
The worſte in ſilke, the beſt in cloth of golde
Richly inricht, the noble man ſo ſage,
The gentleman ſo ciuell to beholde,
The courteous ſeruingman the boy though bolde,
Yet he and they eche one in his degree,
Did plainely proue him ſelfe ciuilitie.

When *Titans* beames had baniſht *Lunas* light
And duskiſh dim which dide the day with darke,
Sent foorth from fame *report* that worthie wight,
With trompet ſhrille made heauen and earth to harke,
Immortall gods and mortall men did marke
The meſſage which with great ſolemnitie,
was thus declarde to all of each degree.

The ſheuered ſtaues will well declare the minde
Of them who heere this day will ſhowe their might,

Areuelation

An Earle by birth and of an noble kinde
His chalenge will perfourme euen in deſpight
Of him or them which dare withſtande in fight,
Therefore you *Brutes* which would inrich your name
Caſt armour one and trie the Tilte for fame.

The Mertials and the Iudges had their place,
The Harraldes preſt to pen eche due deſart,
The Queene was come, there waited on her grace
A hundred Ladies beautifull and braue,
The forraine princes and her counſaile graue,
When all the ſhowe and euery thing was ſeene
No colours cold compare with white and greene.

The challenger proudly preſumde to ſay
That white and greene had not the braueſt hewe,
But that his Maiſtris bore the bell away:
Her courtly colours were moſt worthie vewe
Hee ſaide and ſwore, wherewith the trumpets blewe,
The ſplents of ſpeares which climde the cloudes aboue
Did well declare the force of mightie loue.

A Fierce defendant with a counter buffe
Of this proud chalenger did chaunge the cheere,
Spight of his force and all his cootes of proffe
He made him leaue the fielde for feeble feare,
Aſſiſtantes three forthwith there did appeare,
The firſt did well, the ſecond in his place,
So did the thirde but for this one diſgrace.

In Helmet for the honour of his deare
The Ladie whom they all did moſt commend,

Her

Her gallant plume and colours he did weare,
Which for her ſake like life he did defende:
Yet force perforce, them to the ground did ſende:
And then the people cride God ſaue the Queene,
No colours can compare with white and green.

Therewith the cloud which did the gods incloſe
That they might walke, and ſee, and not be ſeene,
Was quit with drawne, the people did ſuppoſe
Heauen was broke looſe, ſo might the royall Queene,
So did the court, ſo all the worlde might deeme,
The armed knightes the people in a traunce
Did muſe, and makt the order of this chaunce.

Firſt *Saturne* and vii. ſages paſt before,
Then mightie *Mars* with him ix. worthies went,
Neptune he had three ſaylers and no more,
Apollo ⋆ two for a learned intent,
Silenus * v. all v. from heauen were ſent,
Then *Mercury* the ruler° of report,
Thus theſe vi. gods entred into the court.

* *Caſtor and Pollux.*
° *Preachers.*
° *Fame.*

Next theſe dame *Floras* noble *Nymphes* came in,
The *Fayerie* Queene, and Ladies of the lake,
Diana and her Damſels then were ſeene,
A troupe which did to chaſtitie betake
Themſelues, come thither for *Minervas* ſake,
There *Pallas* and the learned *Muſes* ſtaid,
And *Pallas* thus vnto *Minerua* ſayd.

Moſt mightie prince almightie *Ione* the iuſt
Would vs on earth ſhowe whom he beſt doth loue,

A reuelation.

We haue inquirde, and nowe it is diſcuſt
It is thy ſelfe, whom he who ſittes aboue
Hath ſo inricht that thou canſt not remoue,
From that which with his will doth well agree,
Being of all the beſt felicitie.

Nowe ſith we ſee thy goodly gouernment,
And finde howe paſſing ſtraight thy ſteps do ſtand,
We all be come, all wee for this intent
To liue with thee, to bee at thy commande,
And for that cauſe *Pallas* and all her bande,
Doth heere reſigne vnto thy worthie will
Their worldly wit, and all their learned skill,

Thy due deſert hath thee *Minerua* made
A goddeſſe great, with whom none can compare,
For hee of heauen hath ſet it downe and ſaid,
The *Britttain* Queene ſhalbe that Phœnix rare,
Whom death to touch with dart ſhall neuer dare:
Thou ſhalt on earth eternally remaine
As I haue done, though greater be thy gaine.

Beholde theſe gods all readie to reſigne
The giftes for which they were eternized,
Receiue thou them becauſe they be all thine,
Receiue alſo vnto thy heauenly head
This Corronet, this garlande garniſhed
Not like thy minde with gifts of greateſt price,
But as we coulde inricht with rare deuiſe,

Shee thus adornd with double dignitie
They did of mortall her immortall make,

As

As thus ſhee ſat amidſt ſuch maieſtie
The lookers on with louing feare did ſhake,
Her goodly grace did make the gods to quake:
The *Muſes* then and all the people ſaid
thy due deſert hath thee *Minerua* made.

And then the Queene with more then mortall grace,
The life (quoth ſhee) of euery liuing thing
Muſt periſh quite, for death will it deface:
But death to death by due deſert to bring
Such death on earth is life euerlaſting,
I knowe right well ſuch immortalitie
you haue obtainde, and ſuch remaines for me.

And then forth from the ſlender ſuttel skies
All Angellike there did a ſhape appeare,
Euen as it is of ghoſts deuine the giſe
A heauenly humane forme ſhee did on there:
And yet ſhee was as *Tytans* beames ſo cleare,
Immaculate not hauing ſpot of ſinne,
All clad in white thus did her grace begin.

Within this worlde at laſt is one
who hath inricht her name
with euerlaſting fame,
This Ladie only ſhee alone
ſhee ſhall inioy the ſame:
the goddeſſes diuine,
and all the *Muſes* ix,
to her they ſhall reſigne:

Becauſe the due deſartes which them immortal made
This Ladie hath obtaind, her fame ſhall neuer fade.

Proceed my *Muſe* aſſiſt thy ſeruaunt nowe,
Able his penne to publiſhe forth her praiſe
Whoſe life is like dame *Sinthias* ſiluer rayſe.

That mightie God of heauen *Iona* great,
He doth permit, his highnes doth alowe
Vnto her grace all earthly bleſſe ſhall bowe,

And bide, and bee at her commaundement,
With perfit bleſſe to beautifie her ſeate,
Euen for that cauſe *Euthumia* is ſent.

With her this goddeſſe euermore ſhall ſtay,
Then thus beſpake bleſſed *Euthumia*.

Goddeſſe of great accompt
whoſe due deſert doth farre ſurmount
the peoples prayſe,
in no ſuch wayſe
did euer woman walke:
Faire Ladie ſweet with thee, with thee I meane to talke,
Talke and reſigne to thee, euen to thy ſelfe my ſtate,
of all the world moſt fortunate,
whoſe happines
with perfit bleſſe
is furniſhed, nowe I muſt dwell
with thee, becauſe thou doeſt excell.

Thy

Thy vertues rare
Do well declare
To what thou art inclinde,
The worthines of woman kinde,
Thou doſt approue that ſexe is ſuch
As doth mankinde exceed, exceedeth man by much,
By muche and moſte of all, of all the royall reſte,
Thy perfite greate eſtate is beſte,
Thy birth right great, greater thy fame,
Euthumias noble name
I yeelde to thee
my dignitie.

Thy due deſerued right, in deede thy right rewarde
Rewarded by the gods, for when the gods had harde
In what a perfit path you tread,
And howe your life you leade,
They did ordaine
Mee to remaine
With her whoſe ſtate
Was fortunate,
So ſent from them to you,
to you, onely to you I bowe,
And bende, and bind my ſelfe, my ſelfe vnto your will,
Your will that is my worke, my worke that to fulfill.

Sweet Eglintine ſhall haue the place,
And notice of thy name,
Which flowre to defend, euen to defende the ſame,
Of paſſing puiſant power
In hieſt throne
Hee which doth ſit, he ſhall defende

thee from thy fone,
and ſo preſerue the ſeate, the ſeat where thou doſt ſit,
as neither hatreds heate
not wicked wit,
ſhall bloot thy goodnes with diſgrace,
amongſt the gods thou ſhalt remaine
for euermore.

Aglaia moſt like the morning ſtarre
that godeſſe next *Euthumia* did appeare,
none of the muſes might with her compare,
muche like her ſelfe ſhee found *Minerua* there:
Suche beutie, bountie, perſonage and grace,
Greatlie amazde ſhe pauſde a prettie ſpace:
Apollo then did downe his mightie mace,
He thus deſcribd the fauour of her face.

Like newe refined golde Queene *Hellens* haire,
Shee hath the browes of bliſſed *Briſſis* braue,
Egerias eie, ſhee hath *Egeſtas* eare,
Chionis cheeke, and *Chloris* goodly grace,
Neeras noſe on fayre *Venus* face,
The tongue of *Teleſilla*, *Tethis* teeth,
And *Ledas* lippes to lende louely reliefe.

Of modeſt *Myrta* milde the ſmiling cheere,
Dame *Floras* breth ſo ſweet as violet,
Clitias chin, like *Collutia* cleare,
The necke of *Nemeſis*, *Doris*, or *Endora*,
Her breſts be braue like *Diopeia*,
Shee is of all the worlde the brighteſt ſtarre,
Begot by *Mars* the mightie god of warre.

Apollo ſtaide, *Aglaia* did proceede
Though much amazde to ſee ast' were her ſelf,
Aglaias eyes they on her face did feede,
And coulde not ſatisfie themſelues with ſight,
There was containd in it ſo great delight:
Yet at the laſt her wordes did well diſplay
Her inwarde thought, thus did the Ladie ſay.

Lady of all delight
Delight of Ladies all,
All the moſt worthie wight
Moſt worthie wight they ſhall,
Shall they? They ſhall in deed,
Indeed, adore thy 'name,
Thy name wth euerlaſting fame.
Fame flie thou foo rth with ſpeede,
VVith ſpeede let it be knowne to all vnder the Sunne,
The Sun hath ſhinde vpō none ſuch ſince firſt the world (begun.
To whom *Aglaia* doth reſigne,
For new *Minervas* prayſe doth ſhine
More bright then heretofore did mine:
VVith all a flaunt a flaunt,
Thou as thou ſhouldſt doſt vaunt,
The Gods of heauen doe graunt
Thee euermore their heauenly grace,
To proſper thee in euerie place.

That goodly goddeſſe great renowmed *Clytia*
ſhe preſt into the preſſe, thē thus the dame diuine did ſay,

Braue

A reuelation.

Braue Beſſe how are delights
Of beauties braueſt bright
Plaſt in thy paſſing perfect perſonage,
Stand foorth you worthie wights
Beholde you heere in ſight,
The chiefeſt glorie of this preſent age:
Vnto this gallant gay
Doth worthie *Clytia*
her name and fame reſigne,
All glory hath beene mine,
All glory nowe is thine,
With glory thou doſt ſhine, ſo like the ſeemly Sunne,
Braue Beſſe ſhal be thy name when al the world is done.

Next her appeard a muſe of great degree,
And thus beſpake comelie *Calliope*,

A Ladie like my ſelfe at laſt,
at laſt my ſelfe haue founde,
that ſhee may be renowmde:
Fame telles her name with buſie blaſt
To all vpon the ground:
The ſweetneſſe of her voice
Doth make the gods reioyce,
Therefore *Calliope*
To little Englands worthie Queene
Doth giue her great degree.

And then the Graces called *Charytes*
With theſe ſpeeches did all the people pleaſe:

Amidſt a gallant gardine greene,
Where natures worthieſt worke is ſeene,

Impald with perfect bliſſe,
Wherein one forme our ſelues haue founde
All the good graces on the grounde,
Euen there our biding is,
With mery mindes wee there remaine,
The place doth pleaſe vs ſo,
It neuer ſhall bee ſeene nor ſaide,
That wee from thence will goe:
As foode feedes mortall fleſhe,
Euen ſo our mindes doe eate
The perfect pleaſures there doe grow,
Moſt meete for Angels meate:

Dido that courtly *Carthage* Queene,
Of *Troyes* decay that fine *Helen*
And gallant *Venus* gay,
Iuno nor *Pallas* neuer dare,
Diana chaſte may not compare,
With mightie *Minerua*.
For ſhee hath that which all they had,
In much more perfect plight
Then minde of man imagine may,
Or Dittie can indight:
VVe vaunt not then in vaine,
For only wee are bleſt
VVho doe inioy of all the worlde
the very worthieſt:

Inioy? wee only doe poſſeſſe
The higheſt haight of happineſſe,
Therefore wee will reioyce,

For

For where all vertue doth remaine
Euen ſhee who all the reſt doth ſtaine
is made our only choyce.
And this to you of heauen we vowe,
whilſt you her life do lend
Only with her we will remaine,
our faith ſhall her defend,
her becke wee will obey,
I ſhee ſhall haue our heart,
and we with her wil runne and ride
wee neuer will depart.

On earth heauenly felicitie
euen heere on earth not one but wee,
and wee haue found the place,
VVhere euery perfect ſweete delight
doth reſt, and doth remaine by right:
wee doe the branche imbrace,
whoſe buds the bloſſomes bee of bliſſe,
whoſe fruite *Ambroſia*,
God keepe *Minerua* from miſhap,
God keepe her from decay,
For with that goddeſſe greate
wee doe poſſeſſe our place,
And wee will dwell for euermore
in her moſt faire face.

Then *Clio* ſiſter to *Calliope*,
That modeſt mery *Muſe* of great degree,
Found out this Queene who had her goodly grace,
ſhee all her giftes and goodnes did imbrace,

whome

Whome longe ſhe did with maruell muche beholde,
Thus ſhee at laſt her fancies did vnfolde.

Macthleſſe for muſick once I was,
none could my note come neere,
nowe thou doſt paſſe,
thy voycee moſt cleere
From healtfull lights and lounges belowe doth ſend,
Such ſweete and pleaſant harmonie,
The gods their eares doe bende,
And after thee
we ſee
The reſt of all the Muſes run,
to gaze vpon thy grace,
Which as they do behold they finde,
thy mothers faire face,
to thee
I *Clio* heere
Doe giue eternitie,
Thou noble *Nymphe* that haſt no peere,
Thy name and fame ſhall liue and neuer fade,
The onely peece of worke that euer nature made

Thus ſhee who once was but a mortall Queene,
And ſubiect fate on fortunes turning wheele,
The greateſt goddeſſe nowe on earth is ſeene:
Whoſe hie eſtate can neither roule nor reele,
Nor fortunes force ſhall neuer hurt her heele:
For vertue did and due deſart aduaunce
Her grace, and not the force of changing chance,

A reuelation.

Shee is not nowe as other princes bee,
Who liue on earth to euery tempest thrall,
Desert hath crownde her with eternitie,
Her godly zeale in seate sempiternal
Hath set her nowe, from thence shee can not fall:
But liuely liue on earth eternally:
And haue in heauen heauenly felicitie.

Therewith this curious court brake vp, and I in ragged (time
Was made the trumpet to their talk, the touchstone of (the time.
Amongst the gods there is none like thee O Lorde,
There is none can do as thou doest. Psal. Lxxxvi.

The Pilgrimes post scrip.

Euermore my *Muse* shall magnifie thy name
Most gracious, most right renowned dame
Nowe that I knowe thy due deserued fame:
most mightie prince the meanes thou hast made
that all the world doth knowe
howe vertue like a sea doth flowe
in thee, and howe thou doest forsake
the bitter bent of cruell *Cupides* bowe,
free fro the force of fancies flashing flame,
Most gratious, most right renowned dame
Nowe that I knowe thy due deserued fame,
Euermore my *Muse* shall magnifie thy name:
first with thy wit who can compare,
thy vertuous inclination
is knowne to euery nation,
thy learning and thy gifts most rare

make

make perfite declaration
nature thy equall neuer yet did frame.
Nowe that I knowe thy due deſerued fame
Euermore my *Muſe* ſhall magnifie thy name,
Moſt gracious, moſt right renowned dame.

Your Maieſties poore pilgrime,
Thomas Blener Haſſet.

Heere endeth the firſt booke of the reuelation of the true Minerua.

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1582.